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The space occupied by ten lines of this type (Kempers) shall constitute a square.

JENKINS & COLLINS

(Successors to G. E. Fairchild & Son.)
—DEALERS IN—

Furniture, Glassware, Crockery, Lamp Goods, Silver Ware, Gift Novelties, Etc.

We are now prepared to offer the public a line of the above described goods in all of the latest patterns and designs, and of different grades to meet all the requirements of the trade, which we are selling at the lowest possible prices.

We shall be pleased to show you our goods, whether you wish to buy or not.
See goods arriving daily.

Undertaking in all its details.

We have secured the services of the popular Undertaker, M. E. FAIRCHILD, who will give special attention to the burial of the dead, and all necessary supplies furnished on short notice and at most reasonable terms.

JENKINS & COLLINS,
No. 3 Phoenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

Quaker Mill Co's FEED LIST.

| | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| Oat Shorts | \$17.00 per Ton |
| Oat Dust | 8.00 " |
| Oat Bran | 4.00 " |
| No. 1 Chop | 17.00 " |
| Corn Feed Meal | 16.00 " |
| White | " |
| Barley Meal | 16.00 " |

We pay 30c for Oats, 75c to 77c for Wheat; White, 88c.
Dec. 13, 1886.

Business Cards.

J. H. NICHOLS,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Office in Phoenix Block, over Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio.

J. H. DUSSELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Counsel in English and German, Office over F. B. Collins' Store, Phoenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

P. B. CONANT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ravenna, O. Office in Phoenix Block, North Chestnut Street, Ravenna, Ohio.

I. H. PHELPS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Phoenix Block, North Chestnut Street, Ravenna, Ohio.

A. W. REMAN,
Attorney at Law, Office No. 3003 Broadway (15th Ward), Cleveland, Ohio. 77c

A. N. FAIR,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Mantua, O. "Conveyancing, Collections and Pension Business promptly attended to on the most reasonable terms." 61c-17

I. T. SIDDALL,
Attorney at Law, Office in Phoenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio. 67c

E. Y. LACEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Office with Mr. STUART, North Chestnut Street, Ravenna, Ohio.

C. D. INGELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Office in Phoenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio. 59c-17

E. W. MAXSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, possesses superior facilities for making collections in all parts of the United States, Office over First National Bank, Garrettsville, Ohio.

J. WAGGONER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Office East of and over Phoenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio. Office hours: 9 to 10 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.

C. L. BELDEN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office at Residence, King Street, first door south of Main.

M. G. McBRIDE, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office in Phoenix Block, over Grocery of E. A. Fairchild.

G. M. PROCTOR, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Office on Cleveland Avenue, 51st residence North of Bowery Street. 51c

C. H. GRIFFIN,
DENTIST, Office over First National Bank Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

W. W. WHITE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Office, East end of Phoenix Block, over Phoenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio. Office hours: 9 to 10 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.

PETER PLATH,
Shoemaker and Merchant Tailor, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Phoenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio. Dec. 18, 1886.

THE N. Y. & O. HOUSE,
Opposite the Depot, Ravenna, O. Only 100 a day house in the city. Meals at all hours at 50 cents. 17c-17

WANTED—TO BUY.
20,000 or 25,000 FEET of BASSWOOD LOGS, to be delivered at our Mill. Persons desiring to sell, please call on us at 1000 Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. 17c-17

PENSIONS

Pension Claims successfully prosecuted. Call on or address E. Y. LACEY, Attorney at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office with Mr. STUART, Ravenna, Ohio.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

Vol. 19, No. 34.

RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1887.

Whole No. 970.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS

PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY, BY S. D. HARRIS & SONS.

TERMS: Per year, in advance, \$1.00. If not paid in advance, \$1.50. Six months, in advance, 75c.

Entered at the Post-office at Ravenna, Ohio, as Second Class matter.

RISDON and TAYLOR

SELL

16 lbs. Granulated Sugar for \$1.00
17 " Coffee A " " "
20 " Extra C " " "

COME AND SEE US.

Bargains, Bargains!

CLOTHING

P. FLATH'S!

A still greater cut into our already low prices, to close out our stock of

Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's

Winter Clothing,

consisting of Overcoats, Fur Caps, Gloves, Mittens, and in fact everything in this line.

REMEMBER,

We have constantly on hand a large stock of Stiff and Soft Fur and Wool Hats, Caps, as well as Plain and Fancy Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery, Neckwear, Linen Collars and Cuffs, Handkerchiefs of all kinds. Also, a large line of Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, &c., at the very lowest figures.

AND DON'T FORGET

That we have the

Largest Stock of Foreign and Domestic Woolens

for Custom Work in the County; that we will guarantee both Fit and Workmanship, as well as Trimmings, and at prices that can't be beat.

P. FLATH

Shoe Trade Booming!

Things Becoming Lively!

Our PRICE are LOWER than Ever!

We're not going to sing you an old song, nor give you any old chestnuts, but we're going to

Give You Solid Goods!

which can't be disputed. If you don't believe it, call and examine them.

FRANK McTYE.

Three Doors East of Town Hall.

My Valentine.
What would I have thee, other than thou art,
To win my whole soul's love and bless my days?
What other eyes could I so dearly prize?
Blue as blue flowers—now dim with tears that
For gentle pity from thy gentle heart,
Then glad with smiles, as when a master
On answering chords, or over the wind-harp
Some wind that laughs to come, and grieves
How shall I fitly praise thy true soul's truth
Thy scorn of what is base, thy love of good,
Thy strength and nobleness of womanhood—
The blessed whole of my dear Valentine?
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

HE LOVES HER STILL.
"Allia, that will do for this morning. I am not able to attend as I should. Come here, my child."
It was a low dark room in one of the tenements with which the street was crowded, and upon a narrow bed lay an old man. His eyes were listlessly closed, and his long white hair was flung carelessly back from his high pale forehead.
As Allia approached, with her dear violin grasped tightly in both her small hands, his eyes opened, and one could not help but notice the fire of genius which shone in their dark luminous depths.
"No one could render that better than you have little one," he said fondly, as he stroked lovingly back the long dark curls.
"I am glad you were pleased, grandfather," she said simply. They were Italians, the old man and his grandchild.
That they had not always been poor, was whispered among the few who had become acquainted with Signor Paolo, as he was called. Some said he was a miser and hoarded gold for the child, whose playing, though she was so young, was marvelous. But these surmises did not trouble the old man as he went out and came in among them.
There was really no mystery whatever about his frequent departures, for Signor Paolo was a music-teacher, and though not well paid, he had a small class of scholars. Since he had left his native land he had never been successful, but at last good fortune seemed to be coming to him.
A wealthy lady had become interested in him, and learning that he was of her own country, she engaged him to take charge of her musical soirees.
"Little Allia, you shall have a new dress and that blue look of Handel you have wanted so long," he said gleefully to his granddaughter. But the next day he was stricken down by a fever.
For four weeks he had lain on his sick bed, old and poor, and all alone, save for the company of Allia.
What was to be done?
Though still a mere child—only thirteen—Allia had a woman's mind. All her thoughts and feelings became interested in the thoughts and feelings which prompted the masterly strains of the composers she so loved had woven themselves into every fibre of her own heart.
Kept as she had been, from early childhood, from such that might be hurtful to her sweet innocence, Allia was still as an infant, and unfeeling of harm as an infant.
So when the pressing thought came, what should be done to obtain daily food for her sick grandfather and herself, she remembered with a glad heart his words in praise of her playing.
That afternoon, while the old man slept, a little figure, wrapped in a long scarlet mantle, glided down the steep stairs.
It was a bright sunny afternoon, and Allia made her way to a fashionable street, and before a stately brown stone mansion she paused.
Glancing upward, she saw in a lace-draped window some ladies and a gentleman.
They were not noticing her. Carefully taking the violin from its case, she laid it on the steps, and then, with trembling fingers drew the bow across the vibrating strings.
The group above suddenly separated, and the window opened.
"Why, mamma!" exclaimed a young voice, "it's only a poor little girl, and she's playing that air of Cherubini I've been trying to learn for a month."
"Don't talk such nonsense," said another voice.
Allia finished, and lifting her dark eyes toward the window, she waited.
"By dove! mother, there's genius in the child's playing; let her be a little beauty she is. Let's call her by."
Before his mother, a true type of a dignified aristocratic English matron, could speak, her impulsive son had left the room, and soon returned, leading by the hand the little musician.
Then Allia played as she had never played before. Something told her that that moment was the turning-point of her destiny.
The tiny child, as they would call her, seemed to her hearers as if instinct with power to command the lurking music in the strings to disclose herself.
Before she left the Montrose mansion that afternoon, Allia had told, in artless words, her history; and Mrs. Montrose, for the time, quite out of her usual impassiveness, had urged her to play at her weekly parties during the whole of the coming season.
Little Allia easily pacified her grandfather when he reproved her for what she had done, when she told him of her good fortune.
From beguiling the hours for the fashionable throng which assembled in the Montrose drawing-rooms, Allia was finally engaged to teach music to the young daughter of the house.
A great affection sprang up between the two girls, both of the same age, though in such different stations.
Allia and her grandfather did not live in the crowded tenement any longer, but had pleasant rooms in a quiet street.
Old Signor Paolo never recovered enough to leave his bed; but as he felt the pangs of approaching dissolution, he did not feel the depth of anguish at leaving Allia that he must have suffered if she had not proved herself so well able to care for her own future.
At first his grandchild sorrowed bitterly; but as time went on she felt that it was better as it was, and that for her world would be, if she could, recall her dear grandfather back to his weary couch of pain.
Four years had passed; and from a slight child Allia had developed rapidly into the rounded curves of womanhood. She was beautiful, with the dark clear skin of her Italian parentage, and the masses of raven-black hair which waved back from a low broad forehead. Her great, lustrous, almond-lined eyes had in them a strange charm, and few could look into their depths without a longing to

read yet more plainly their inmost thoughts.
At least so felt Percy Montrose. Reserved to others, to him Allia was particularly cold and shy, notwithstanding she recognized his manly, frank nature, and knew well that to none other did her soul go out as it did to the handsome, sensitive young man, the son of her patroness; but she knew the pride of birth and family which filled his mother's heart, and so she resolved to hide her love.
At last the end came. It was morning, and Allia had been playing.
"Wrap in thoughts which were sweet, yet sad as the strain whose cadence yet lingered upon the air," Percy found her.
It was an unguarded moment. She could hide her heart no longer. And when he had once won from her the assurance of her love, her passionate Italian nature asserted itself, and as her lover clasped his arms around her, with a burst of tears, and an inarticulate expression of tenderness, she laid her head against his heart, and did not till then did Percy feel sure of the prize he had coveted so earnestly.
But Allia was not suffered to live long in her dream of bliss. The proud lady who had constituted herself her patroness took matters into her own hands. What she said Allia knew not. All she knew was that she was parted from her lover, until a sentence, bitterly expressed and scornfully spoken, arrested her attention.
"Like a thief you stole into my house—wound your toils around my boy; he sees it, too, since I have opened his eyes. He knows of your engagement. He knows of your engagement."
With bated breath Allia waited until she had finished, and then, rising, she drew her superb form to its full height, and met the angry light of the cold English blue eyes with the Italian dusk of her own.
"Your son wishes to be released from his troth? Is what you have just said true?"
"Most certainly, I am sure you need not be surprised, Miss Paolo, when you think of the great disparity there is between your stations in society."
It was over. Allia had given back the ring, the symbol of their attachment, to Mrs. Montrose.
Alone in the night, she battled with her heart—with its intense longing to see Percy once more, and hear from his own lips that what his mother had said was untrue.
But to her spirit falsehood was unsuspected as it was unknown, and she felt that she must never look upon his face again.
For a long time it was a source of wonder as to where the talented, beautiful young music-teacher had vanished, so suddenly had she gone.
A few years passed. Mrs. Montrose and her son and daughter were traveling abroad. Anxiety for Percy had engraved deep wrinkles upon his mother's once smooth brow.
He was not the merry impulsive Percy of old; his face was grave and pale. Kept as his friends, and they passed him, shook their heads.
Long ago, Mrs. Montrose had repented of what she had done—the cruel falsehood which had wrecked her son's happiness, and driven the orphan-girl away from her home. No trace of Allia had she ever found, and she feared to disclose her treachery to the son she idolized.
While in Rome, came to her a hotel, inviting them to a grand fête, which was to celebrate the birthday of the heiress of a noble family.
All there was in that ancient city of rank and lineage were gathered together in Signora's Lisbon's salon, and at the end of the long room, the hostess and her daughter awaited their guests.
The younger lady was turned slightly away from an approaching group, among which Mrs. Montrose, dignified and stately as ever in her black velvet and diamonds, leaned upon her son's arm.
"Mark, Percy," she murmured, "the grace which high birth gives to its children."
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It was some time before the physician gave any hope, and then he said seriously:
"Your son may recover, madame, if he does not have a relapse; but I can see that his mind is troubled; it is not bodily weakness alone which ails him."
In her room the haughty woman fell upon her knees and prayed for her son. Before the storm was gathered together in Signora's Lisbon's salon, and at the end of the long room, the hostess and her daughter awaited their guests.
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A day after, with a heavy heart, Mrs. Montrose, who had been waiting where her son and he raved in delirium. The blow she had long dreaded had fallen; he was dangerously ill.
It was some time before the physician gave any hope, and then he said seriously:
"Your son may recover, madame, if he does not have a relapse; but I can see that his mind is troubled; it is not bodily weakness alone which ails him."
In her room the haughty woman fell upon her knees and prayed for her son. Before the storm was gathered together in Signora's Lisbon's salon, and at the end of the long room, the hostess and her daughter awaited their guests.
The younger lady was turned slightly away from an approaching group, among which Mrs. Montrose, dignified and stately as ever in her black velvet and diamonds, leaned upon her son's arm.
"Mark, Percy," she murmured, "the grace which high birth gives to its children."
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